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d World Series



THE HOUR OF BEAUTY





**THE HOUR OF BEAUTY**  
**SONGS AND POEMS**

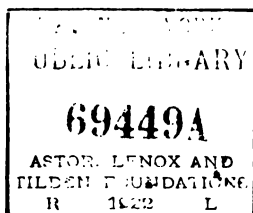
**BY**  
**FIONA MACLEOD**

*With Illustrations by the Author*



**Portland, Maine**  
**THOMAS B. MOSHER**  
**Mdccccvij**





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**1907**



TO  
ROSELLE LATHROP SHIELDS

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*None but God and I  
Knows what is in my heart.*

SAHARA SONG.

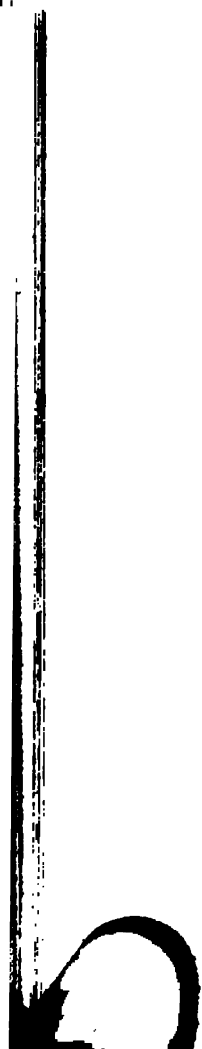
*The thyme and the marjoram are not yet honey.*

EMERSON ON THOREAU.

*As Love on buried ecstasy buildeth his tower.*

ROBERT BRIDGES.







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*Take, the best one can give is breath.*

SWINBURNE.



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## THE HOUR OF BEAUTY



**D**IM face of Beauty haunting all the world,  
Fair face of Beauty all too fair to see,  
Where the lost stars adown the heavens are hurled,  
There, there alone for thee  
May white peace be.

For here where all the dreams of men are whirled  
Like sere torn leaves of autumn to and fro  
There is no place for thee in all the world,  
Who driftest as a star,  
Beyond, afar.

Beauty, sad face of Beauty, Mystery, Wonder,  
What are these dreams to foolish babbling men,—  
Who cry with little noises 'neath the thunder  
Of ages ground to sand,  
To a little sand.



## DREAMS WITHIN DREAMS

I HAVE gone out and seen the lands of Faery  
And have found sorrow and peace and beauty  
there,  
And have not known one from the other, but found  
each  
Lovely and gracious alike, delicate and fair.

“ They are children of one mother, she that is called  
Longing,  
Desire, Love,” one told me : and another, “ her secret  
name  
Is Wisdom : ” and another, “ They are not three but  
one : ”  
And another, “ Touch them not, seek them not, they  
are wind and flame.”

I have come back from the hidden silent lands of  
Faery  
And have forgotten the music of its ancient streams :  
And now flame and wind and the long, grey, wandering  
wave  
And beauty and peace and sorrow are dreams within  
dreams.

## A CRY ON THE WIND

**P**ITY *the great with love, they are deaf, they are blind:*  
*Pity the great with love, time out of mind:*  
This is the song of the grey-haired wandering wind  
Since Oisín's mother fled to the hill a spellbound hind.

*Sorrow on love!* was the sob that rose in her throat,  
*I, that a woman was, now wear the wild fawn's coat:*  
*This is to lift the heart to leap like a wave to the oar,*  
*This is to see the heart flung back like foam on the shore.*

Have not the hunters heard them, Oisín and she  
together  
Like peewits crying on the wind where the world is  
sky and heather —  
The peewits that wail to each other, rising and wheeling  
and falling  
Till greyness of noon or darkness of dusk is full of a  
windy calling.

*Pity the great with love, they are deaf, they are blind:*  
*Pity the great with love, time out of mind!*

O sorrowful face of Deirdré seen on the hill!  
Once I have seen you, once, beautiful, silent, still:  
As a cloud that gathers her robe like drifted snow  
You stood in the mountain-corrie, and dreamed on the  
world below.

Like a rising sound of the sea in woods in the heart of  
the night  
I heard a noise as of hounds, and of spears and arrows  
in flight:  
And a glory came like a flame and morning sprang to  
your eyes—  
And the flame passed, and the vision, and I heard but  
the wind's sighs.

*Pity the great with love, they are deaf, they are blind:  
Pity the great with love, time out of mind!*

Last night I walked by the shore where the machar  
slopes:  
I drowned my heart in the sea, I cast to the wind my  
hopes,  
What is this thing so great that all the Children of  
Sorrow  
Are weary each morn for night, and weary each night  
for the morrow!

*Pity the great with love, they are deaf, they are blind:  
Pity the great with love, time out of mind:  
This is the song of the grey-haired wandering wind  
Since Oisín's mother fled to the bill a spellbound bind.*



**VALE, AMOR!**

**W**E do not know this thing  
By the spoken word :  
It is as though in a dim wood  
One heard a bird  
Suddenly sing :  
Then, in the twinkling of an eye  
A shadow glooms the earth and sky,  
And we stand silent, startled, in a changed mood.

It is but a little thing  
The leaping sword,  
When in the startled silence of changed mood  
It comes as when a bird  
Doth suddenly sing.  
But thrust of sword or agony of soul  
Are alike swift and terrible and strong,  
And no foot stirs the dead leaves of that silent wood.

## FLAME ON THE WIND

O WIND without that moans and cries, O dark wind  
in my soul!

I would I were the wet wild wind that's blowing to  
the Pole!

I'd seek the plunging bergs of ice to cool my flaming  
heart . . .

O Flaming Heart,  
I'd drown you deep where the great icebergs  
roll!

I'd follow on thy beating wings the wings of the wild  
geese,

I'd seek among the plunging hills the phantom-flight  
of peace . . .

O is there peace for hearts of fire in gloom and cold  
and flight —

Torches of night  
Mid swaying bergs that grind the trampling  
seas?

O wind without and rain without, O melancholy  
choir

Of tempest in the lonely night and tempest-whirled  
desire,

What if there be no peace amid the snow-clouds of the  
Pole . . .

O Burning Soul  
Can hills of ice assuage this whirling fire!



O wet wild wind bow down dark wings and winnow  
me away,

Whirl me on mighty shadowy wings where's neither  
night nor day,

Where mid the plunging bergs of ice may fade a whirl-  
ing flame . . .

O Heart of Flame! . . .

Mid dirges of white shapes that plunge and  
sway.

## THE ROSE OF THE NIGHT

There is an old mystical legend that when a soul among the dead woos a soul among the living, so that both may be reborn as one, the sign is a dark rose, or a rose of flame, in the heart of the night.

**T**HE dark rose of thy mouth  
Draw nigher, draw nigher!  
Thy breath is the wind of the south,  
A wind of fire,  
The wind and the rose and darkness, O Rose of my  
Desire!

Deep silence of the night,  
Husht like a breathless lyre,  
Save the sea's thunderous might,  
Dim, menacing, dire,  
Silence and wind and sea, they are thee, O Rose of my  
Desire!

As a wind-eddy flame  
Leaping higher and higher,  
Thy soul, thy secret name,  
Leaps thro' Death's blazing pyre,  
Kiss me, Imperishable Fire, dark Rose, O Rose of my  
Desire!



## I-BRASÎL

**T**HERE'S sorrow on the wind, my grief, there's  
sorrow on the wind,

Old and grey!

I hear it whispering, calling, where the last stars touch  
the sea,

Where the cloud creeps down the hill, and the leaf  
shakes on the tree,

There's sorrow on the wind and it's calling low to me  
*Come away! Come away!*

There's sorrow in the world, O wind, there's sorrow in  
my heart

Night and day:

So why should I not listen to the song you sing to me?

The hill cloud falls away in rain, the leaf whirls from  
the tree,

And peace may live in I-Brasîl where the last stars  
touch the sea

Far away, far away.

## LOVE AND SORROW

**L**OVE said one morn to Sorrow  
"Lend me your robe of grey,  
And here is mine so gay :  
Please borrow,  
And each the other be until to-morrow."

At morn they met and parted :  
Each had her own again ;  
But each a new-felt pain ;  
Broken-hearted,  
Love ; and Sorrow, broken-hearted.

Love sighed "No more I'll borrow :  
I'll never more be glad."  
. . . "Can Love be oh so sad,"  
Sighed Sorrow :  
And so they kissed and parted on that morrow.

But when these lovers parted  
God made them seem as one —  
"For so My will is done  
Among the broken-hearted,"  
He said : "O ye who are broken-hearted."



BY THE GREY STONE

**I**T is quiet here: the wet hill-wind's sigh  
Sobs faintly, as though behind a curtain of *thick*  
grass.

The vanishing curlew wails a fading cry.

I can hear the least soft footfall pass.  
Is that the shrewmouse I hear, or does the night-moth  
whirr?

I have waited so long, so long, so long, alas!

No one. No one. I hear no faintest stir.  
Yet Love spake once, with lips of flame and eyes of  
fire,  
With breath of burning frankincense and myrrh —

Spake, and the vow was even as Desire. . .  
Terrible, winged, magnific, crested with flame,  
So that I bowed before it, mounting gyre upon  
gyre. . .

I see now a grey bird by the grey stone of no name:  
It is blind and deaf, and its wings are tipped with mire.  
Is it Love's lordly vow or mine own bitter shame?



## SONG IN MY HEART

**S**ONG-in-my-heart, my heart's sorrow, my delight,  
I hear a thin whistling as of a high arrow in flight  
Or when the wind suddenly leaps, leaving the grass  
snowy-white :

Is it your voice, Song-in-my-heart, that calls to me to-  
night ?

It is dark here, my Love, my Pulse, my Heart, my  
Flame :

Dark the night, dark with wind and cloud, the wind  
without aim

Baffled and blind, the cloud low, broken, dragging, lame,  
And a stir in the darkness at the end of the room  
sighing my name, whispering my name !

Is that the sea calling, or the hounds of the sea, or the  
wind's hounds

Baffling billow on billow, wave into wave, with tramp-  
ling sounds

As of herds confusedly crowding gorges ?—or with  
leaps and bounds

The narwhals in the polar seas crashing between ice-  
grown mounds ?

Great is that dark noise under the black north wind  
Out on the sea to-night: but still it is—still as the  
frosts that bind

The stark inland waters in green depths where ice-  
bergs grind—

In this noise of shaking storm in my heart and this  
blast sweeping my mind.





MO BRÒN!

(A SONG ON THE WIND)

O COME across the grey wild seas,  
Said my heart in pain :  
Give me peace, give me peace,  
Said my heart in pain.

This is the song of the Swan  
On the tides of the wind,  
The song of the wild Swan  
Time out of mind.

O come across the grey wild seas,  
O give me a token !  
My head is on my knees,  
My heart is broken.

This is the song of the Heart  
On the tides of Sorrow :  
This is the song of my heart  
To-day and to-morrow.

## THE FOUNTS OF SONG

**“WHAT is the song I am singing?” —**

Answered the pine-tree to the wave :

“Do you not know the song  
You have sung so long  
Down in the dim green alleys of the sea,  
And where the great blind tides go swinging  
Mysteriously,  
And where the countless herds of the billows are hurl’d  
On all the wild and lonely beaches of the world?”

“Ah, Pine-Tree,” sighed the wave,

“I have no song but what I catch from thee :

Far off I hear thy strain

Of infinite sweet pain

That floats along the lovely phantom land.

I sigh, and murmur it o’er and o’er and o’er,

When ’neath the slow compelling hand

That guides me back and far from the loved shore,

I wander long

Where never falls the breath of any song,

But only the loud, empty, crashing roar

Of seas swung this way and that for evermore.”

**“What is the song I am singing?”**

Answered the poet to the pine :

“Do you not know the song

You have sung so long

Here in the dim green alleys of the woods

Where the wild winds go wandering in all moods  
And whisper often o'er and o'er,  
Or in tempestuous clamours roar  
Their dark eternal secret evermore ? ”

“ Oh Poet,” said the Pine,

“ Thine

Is that song !

Not mine !

I have known it, loved it, long !

Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry

Through dusk and storm and night,

Or prophesy

When tempests whirl us with their awful might.

Only, I know that when

The poet's voice is heard

Among the woods

The infinite pain from out the hearts of men

Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or b

In these dumb solitudes.”



## THE BELLS OF YOUTH

**T**HE Bells of Youth are ringing in the gateways of  
the South :

The bannerets of green are now unfurled :  
Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth,  
And is singing, singing, singing thro' the world.

The Bells of Youth are ringing in all the silent places,  
The primrose and the celandine are out :  
Children run a-laughing with joy upon their faces  
The west wind follows after with a shout.

The Bells of Youth are ringing from the forests to the  
mountains,  
From the meadows to the moorlands, hark their  
ringing !  
Ten thousand thousand splashing rills and fern-dappled  
fountains  
Are flinging wide the Song of Youth, and onward  
flowing, singing !

The Bells of Youth are ringing in the gateways of the  
South :

The bannerets of green are now unfurled :  
Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth,  
And is singing, singing, singing thro' the world.



## SONG OF THE APPLE-TREES

**S**ONG of the Apple-trees, honeysweet and murmurous,  
Where the swallows flash and shimmer as they thrid  
the foamwhite maze,  
Breaths of far-off Avalon are blown to us, come down  
to us,  
Avalon of the Heart's Desire, Avalon of the Hidden  
Ways!

Song of Apple-blossom, when the myriad leaves are  
gleaming  
Like undersides of small green waves in foam of  
shallow seas,  
One may dream of Avalon, lie dreaming, dreaming,  
dreaming,  
Till wandering through dim vales of dusk the stars  
hang in the trees.

Song of Apple-trees, honeysweet and murmurous,  
When the night-wind fills the branches with a sound  
of muffled oars,  
Breaths of far-off Avalon are blown to us, come down  
to us,  
Avalon of the Heart's Desire, Avalon of the Hidden  
Shores.

## RÒSEEN-DHU

**L**ITTLE wild rose of my heart,  
Ròseen-dhu, Ròseen-dhu !  
Why must we part,  
Ròseen-dhu ?  
To meet but to part again !  
Is it because we are fain  
Of the wind and the rain,  
Because we are hungry of pain,  
Ròseen-dhu ?

Little wild rose of my heart,  
Ròseen-dhu, Ròseen-dhu,  
Where *I* am, *thou* art,  
Ròseen-dhu !  
If summer come and go,  
If the wild wind blow,  
Come rain, come snow,  
If the tide ebb, if the tide flow,  
Ròseen-dhu !

Little wild rose of my heart,  
Ròseen-dhu, Ròseen-dhu . . .  
Time poiseth his shadowy dart,  
Ròseen-dhu !  
What matter, O Ròseen mochree,  
Since each is a wave on the sea —  
Since Love is as lightning for thee  
And as thunder for me,  
Ròseen-dhu !



## THE SHREWMOUSE

**T**HE creatures with the shining eyes  
That live among the tender grass  
See great stars falling down the skies  
And mighty comets pass.

Torches of thought within the mind  
Wave fire upon the dancing streams  
Of souls that shake upon them wind  
In rain of falling dreams.

The shrewmouse builds her windy nest  
And laughs amid the corn :  
She hath no dreams within her breast :  
God smiled when she was born.

## THE LAST FAY

**I** HAVE wandered where the cuckoo fills  
The woodlands with her magic voice;  
I have wandered on the brows of hills  
Where the last heavenward larks rejoice:  
Far I have wandered by the wave,  
By shadowy loch and swaying stream,  
But never have I found the grave  
Of him who made me a wandering Dream.  
If I could find that lonely place  
And him who lies asleep therein,  
I'd bow my head and kiss his face  
And sleep and rest and peace would win.

He made me, he who lies asleep  
Hidden in some forgotten spot  
Where winds sweep and rains weep  
And foot of wayfarer cometh not;  
He made me, Merlin, ages ago,  
He shaped me in an idle hour,  
He made a heart of fire to glow  
And hid it in an April shower!  
For I am but a shower that calls  
A thin sweet song of rain, and pass:  
Even the wind-whirled leaf that falls  
Lingers awhile within the grass,  
But I am blown from hill to vale,  
From vale to hill like a bird's cry  
That shepherds hear a far off wail  
And woodfolk as a drowsy sigh.



[illegible]

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## THE DIRGE OF "CLAN SIUBHAIL"

(THE WANDERING FOLK)

SORROW upon me on the grass and on the wandering road:

My heart is heavy in the morn and heavier still at night.

Sometimes I rest in a quiet place and lay me down my heavy load,

And watch in the dewy valley the coming of light after light,

Watch on the dusky hill and the darkening plain the coming of light after light.

At dawn I am stirring again, and weary of the night:

And all the morn and all the noon I lift my heavy load:

. At fall of day I see once more the coming of light after light:

And night is as day and day is as night on the endless road —

*Sorrow upon me on the grass and on the wandering road.*



## THE EXILE

**I**t is not when the Seamew cries above the grey-  
green foam  
Or circling o'er the bracken-fields the fluttering lap-  
wings fly,  
Or when above the broom and gale the lark is in his  
windy home  
That thus I long, and with old longing sigh.

For I am far away now, and now have time for sighing,  
For sighing and for longing, where the grey houses  
stand.  
In dreams I am a seamew flying, flying, flying  
To where my heart is, in my own lost land.

It is when in the crowded streets the rustling of white  
willows  
And tumbling of a brown hill-water obscure the noisy  
ways ;  
Then is the ache a bitter pain ; and to hear grey-green  
billows,  
Or the hill-wind in a brown-sweet place.



## THE SHADOW

“**D**o you hear the calling, Mary, down by the sea?  
Who is it callin’, yonder, callin’ to me?  
Last night a shadow came up to the rowan-tree,  
And *Muirnean*, it whispered, *Muirnean*, *I’m waiting*  
*for thee!*”

“Do you hear the calling, Mary, down by the shore?  
Who is it callin’, yonder, callin’ sore?  
Last night I came in from the rowan an’ shut the  
door,  
But some one without kept whisperin’ the same thing  
o’er and o’er.”

“Do you hear the calling, Mary, here, close by?  
Who is it callin’, whisperin’, here, so nigh?  
Give me my shawl, Mary, an’ don’t whimper an’ cry:  
I’m going out into the night, just to look at the sky.”

*Mary — Mary — Mary* — wailed the wind wearily:  
*Mary — Mary — Mary* — wailed the rain in the tree:  
*One! Two! Three!* ticked the clock — *One!*  
*Two! Three!*

Out in the darkness rose the calling of the sea.



## ORAN-BHROIN

(*i.e.* A SONG OF SORROW)

(A crying in the wilderness as of a little child is the symbol of lost love.)

WHEN all the West is blowing wild,  
Is blowing wild  
With tempest-wings that fan the fire  
Of sunset to one awful pyre,  
I hear the crying of a child —  
The crying of a little child  
When all the West is blowing wild,  
Is blowing wild.

The screaming scart, the wailing mew,  
The lone curlew,  
The grey wind roams through ashen skies :  
Only the wind else moans and sighs :  
The West is all a blood-red hue :  
Out of the glistening moorland dew  
I hear a child's voice wail and rise  
In mournful cries.

When all the West is blowing wild,  
Is blowing wild  
And shrill and faint along the shore,  
By moor, or hill, o'er and o'er  
A child's lament is tost on high . . .  
It is a love that cannot die,  
A lost love weeping evermore  
While all the West is blowing wild,  
Is blowing wild.

## AT THE COMING OF THE WILD SWANS

**B**y loch and darkening river,  
Above the salt sea-plains,  
Across the misty mountains  
Amid the blinding rains,  
In fierce or silent weather  
The wild swans southward fare,  
The wild swans swing together  
Through lonely fields of air,  
Crying *Honk, Honk, Honk,*  
*Glugulû, ullalû, glugulû,*  
*Honk! Honk!*

The sea-mew's lonely laughter  
Flits down the flowing wave,  
The green scarts follow after  
The surge where cross-tides rave:  
The sea-duck's mellow wailing  
Floats over sheltered places,  
And southward southward sailing  
Go all the feathered races. . . . .  
When the swans cry, *Honk, Honk,*  
*Glugulû, ullalû, glugulû,*  
*Honk! Honk!*

White spirits from the Northland,  
Grey clan of Storm and Frost,  
Wind-swooping to the Southland  
From icy seas blast-tost. . . .



Wild clan of sons and daughters,  
A welcome, now you are come  
When all your polar waters  
Are frozen, white, and dumb! . . .  
Crying, *Honk, Honk, Honk,*  
*Glugulû, ullalû, glugulû,*  
*Honk ! Honk !*

## THE WEAVER OF SNOW

**I**N Polar noons when the moonshine glimmers  
And the frost-fans whirl,  
And whiter than moonlight the ice-flowers grow,  
And the lunar rainbow quivers and shimmers,  
And the Silent Laughters dance to and fro,  
A stooping girl  
As pale as pearl  
Gathers the frost-flowers where they blow :  
And the fleet-foot fairies smile, for they know  
The Weaver of Snow.

And she climbs at last to a berg set free,  
That drifteth slow :  
And she sails to the edge of the world we see :  
And waits till the wings of the north wind lean  
Like an eagle's wings o'er a lochan of green,  
And the pale stars glow  
On berg and floe. . . .  
Then down on our world with a wild laugh of glee  
She empties her lap full of shimmer and sheen.  
*And that is the way in a dream I have seen*  
*The Weaver of Snow.*

.



## A SONG OF DREAMS

ONE came to me in the night  
And said *Arise!*  
I rose, phantom-white;  
Far was my flight  
To a star shaken with light  
In the heart of the skies.

Through seven spheres I fled,  
Opal and rose and white,  
Emerald, violet, red,  
Through azure was I led,  
And the coronal on my head  
With seven moons was bright.

What wonder that the day  
Swings slowly through slow hours!  
My heart leaps when the grey  
Husht feet of Night are astray,  
And I hear her wild bells play  
On her starry towers.

## EASTER

**T**HE stars wailed when the reed was born,  
And heaven wept at the birth of the thorn :  
Joy was pluckt like a flower and torn,  
For Time foreshadowed Good-Friday Morn.

But the stars laughed like children free  
And heaven was hung with the rainbow's glee  
When at Easter Sunday, so fair to see,  
Time bowed before Eternity.

## WHEN THERE IS PEACE

**T**HERE is peace on the sea to-night  
Thought the fish in the white wave :  
There is peace among the stars to-night  
Thought the sleeper in the grave :

There is peace in my heart to-night,  
Sighed Love beneath his breath :  
For God dreamed in the silence of His might  
Amid the earthquakes of death.



## TIME

**I** saw a happy spirit  
That wandered among flowers :  
Her crown was a rainbow,  
Her gown was wove of hours.

She turned with sudden laughter,  
*I was, but am not now !*  
And as I followed after  
Time smote me on the brow.

## INVOCATION

**P**LAY me a lulling tune, O Flute-Player of Sleep,  
Across the twilight bloom of thy purple havens.  
Far off a phantom stag on the moonyellow highlands  
Ceases ; and, as a shadow, wavers ; and passes :  
So let Silence seal me and Darkness gather, Piper of  
Sleep.

Play me a lulling chant, O anthem-maker,  
Out of the fall of lonely seas, and the wind's sorrow :  
Behind are the burning glens of the sunset sky  
Where like blown ghosts the seamews wail their  
desolate sea-dirges :  
Make me of these a lulling chant, O anthem-maker.

No — no — from nets of silence weave me, O Sigher  
of Sleep,  
A dusky veil ash-grey as the moonpale moth's grey  
wing ;  
Of thicket-stillness woven, and sleep of grass, and thin  
evanishing air  
Where the tall reed spires breathless — for I am tired,  
O Sigher of Sleep,  
And long for thy muffled song as of bells on the wind,  
and the wind's cry  
Falling, and the dim wastes that lie  
Beyond the last, low, long, oblivious sigh.



## FLOWERS OF DREAM



*Rememberest thou, then, rememberest thou O hot heart,  
How once thou thirstedst  
For heavenly tears and dropping of dew.*

NIETZSCHE.



I





## COR CORDIUM

**S**WEET Heart, true heart, strong heart, star of my  
life, oh never

For thee the lowered banner, the lost endeavour!

The weapons are still unforged that thee and me shall  
dissever,

For I in thy heart have dwelling, and thou too in mine  
for ever.

Can a silken cord strangle love, or a steel sword sever?

Or be as a bruised reed, the flow'r of joy for ever?

Love is a beautiful dream, a deathless endeavour,

And for thee the lowered banner, O Sweet Heart, never!



## THE RAINBOW BIRD

**I**n the heart, a bird of sunshine  
Singeth a sweet song :  
None can do it wrong  
Sweet breath of sunshine !

What is this sunny bird  
With the rainbow-wings,  
That singeth of secret things  
The heart only hath heard ?

I know not: but lo  
The sun shines, and far,  
In the blue sky a star  
Leapeth white as snow.

And when the night-tides flow  
And the stars glisten  
In the dark, I listen,  
And the bird of moonshine  
Sings, where erst  
The sun-song burst  
From the bird of sunshine.



## CATHAIR-SITH :

**F**ROM green to white, from white to green,  
I watch the waves that wash between  
The Rainbow-Pillars none hath seen.

God takes a wind from out the sky :  
It spreads its cloud-white wings to fly ;  
Its time hath come for it to die.

God takes a wind from out the pines :  
It spreads its green-gloom wings, and shines  
Gold-green against the Rainbow-Signs.

The weaving of the Sea is made  
Green, thus, with sacred pine-tree shade ;  
White the cloud feathers overlaid.

Forever thus the green is spun,  
The white across the surface run :  
This is the rune that I have won.

This is the rune hath come to me  
Out of the mystery of the sea ;  
When dreaming, where, far-off, may be  
The Rainbow-Pillars of Cathair-Sith.

---

1 Pronounced Caershee.



## THE BANDRUIDH

With woven green branches  
All of the quicken  
The Bandruidh waveth  
The soft airs nigh.

### THE BANDRUIDH

COME, air of the mountain, what news of the  
mountain?  
Does the green moss cling to the claw of the eagle?

### THE MOUNTAIN AIR

The green moss clings to the claw of the eagle.

### THE BANDRUIDH

COME, air of the hill-slope, what news of the hill-slope?  
Does the red stag sniff at the coming of green?

### THE UPLAND AIR

The red stag sniffs at the coming of green.

### THE BANDRUIDH

COME, air of the corries, what news of the corries?  
Does the hartstongue sprout where the waterfalls  
leap?

### THE AIR OF THE CORRIES

The hartstongue sprouts where the waterfalls leap.

#### THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the pine-wood, what news of the forest?  
Do the seedlings stir in the needle-strewn mould?

#### THE FOREST AIR

The seedlings stir in the needle-strewn mould.

#### THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the braes, what news of the braes now?  
Do the curled young bracken unsheath their green  
claws?

#### THE AIR OF THE BRAES

The curled young bracken unsheath their green claws.

#### THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the glen, what news of the birdeens?  
Is song on the birds yet, and leaves on the lime?

#### THE AIR OF THE GLEN

Green song to the birds now, green leaves to the lime.

#### THE BANDRUIDH

My robe is of green,  
My crown is of stars,  
The grass is the green  
And the daisies the stars:  
O'er lochan and streamlet  
My breath moveth sweet,



Blue lochan so bonnie, brown burnie  
So sweet.

The song in my heart  
Is the song of the birds,  
And the wind in my heart  
Is the lowing of herds :  
The light in my eyes,  
And the breath of my mouth,  
Are the clouds of spring-skies  
And the sound of the South.

#### THE AIRS

Grass-green from thy mouth  
The sweet sound of the South !

## THE GREEN LADY

**W**ILD fawn, wild fawn,  
Hast seen the Green Lady?  
The merles are singing,  
The ferns are springing  
The little leaves whisper from dusk to dawn —  
Green Lady! Green Lady!  
The little leaves whisper from dusk to dawn —  
Wild fawn, wild fawn!

Wild fawn, wild fawn,  
Hast seen the Green Lady?  
The bird in the nest,  
And the child at the breast,  
They open wide eyes as she comes down the dawn —  
The bonnie Green Lady,  
Bird and child make a whisper of music at dawn,  
Wild fawn, wild fawn!

Wild fawn, wild fawn,  
Dost thou flee the Green Lady?  
Her wild flowers will race thee,  
Her sunbeams will chase thee,  
Her laughter is ringing aloud in the dawn —  
O the Green Lady  
With yellow flowers strewing the ways of the dawn,  
Wild fawn, wild fawn!





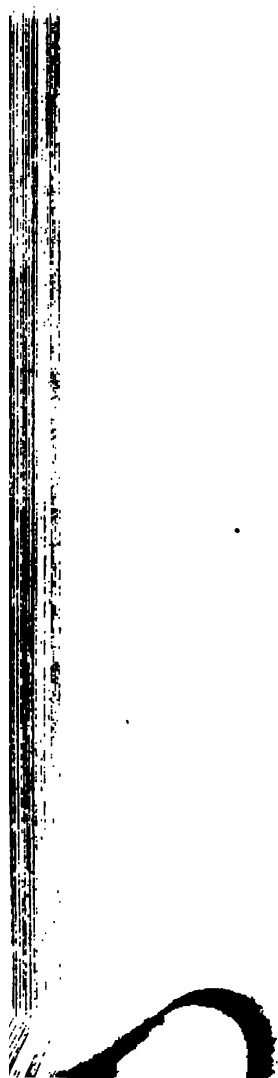
AN INSCRIPTION

**G**REEN Fire of Joy, Green Fire of Life,  
Be with you thro' the Stress and Str  
Be with you thro' the Shadow and Shine,  
The immortal Ichor, the immortal Wine.

Drink deep of the immortal Wine,  
It gives the laughter to the Strife,  
Drink deep, and thro' the Shadow and Shi  
Rejoice in the Green Fire of Life.







## DREAM FANTASY

" If Death Sleep's brother be,  
And souls bereft of sense have so sweet dreams,  
How could I wish thus still to dream and die !"  
( " Madrigal " )

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

**T**HERE is a land of Dream ;  
I have trodden its golden ways :  
I have seen its amber light  
From the heart of its sun-sweet days ;  
I have seen its moonshine white  
On its silent waters gleam —  
Ah, the strange sweet lonely delight  
Of the Valleys of Dream.

Ah, in that Land of Dream,  
The mystical moon-white land,  
Comes from what unknown sea —  
Adream on what unknown strand —  
A sound as of feet that flee,  
As of multitudes that stream  
From the shores of that shadowy sea  
Through the Valleys of Dream.

It is dark in the Land of Dream.  
There is silence in all the Land.  
Are the dead all gathered there —  
In havens, by no breath fanned ?  
This stir i' the dawn, this chill wan air —  
This faint dim yellow of morning-gleam —  
O is this sleep, or waking where  
Lie hush'd the Valleys of Dream ?

DAY AND NIGHT

**F**ROM grey of dusk, the veils unfo  
To pearl and amethyst and go  
Thus is the new day woven and

From glory of blue to rainbow-spray  
From sunset-gold to violet-grey —  
Thus is the restful Night re-wo

## THE VOICE AMONG THE DUNES

**I** HAVE heard the sea-wind sighing  
Where the dune-grasses grow,  
The sighing of the dying  
Where the salt tides flow.

For where the salt tides flow  
The sullen dead are lifting  
Tired arms, and to and fro  
Are idly drifting.

So through the grey dune-grasses  
Not the wind only cries,  
But a dim sea-wrought Shadow  
Breathes drownèd sighs.

## IN THE NIGHT

O WIND, why break in idle pain  
This wave that swept the seas;  
*Foam is the meed of barren dreams  
And hearts that cry for peace!*

Lift then, O wind, this heart of mine,  
And whirl aside in foam;  
*No — wander on, unchanging heart,  
The undrowning deeps thy home!*

Less than a billow of the sea  
That at the last doth no more roam,  
Less than a wave, less than a wave,  
This thing that hath no home  
This thing that hath no grave.

## THE STONE OF SORROW

**W**EARILY dawns the morning o'er the world.  
The sea, muttering, moans his primeval pain.  
The brooding mists upon the brooding hills are lain;  
The banners of the wild wandering mountain-winds  
are furled:  
Wearily, wearily, dawns the morning o'er the world.

O wearily dawns this morning of the world.  
Beautiful spirit, whither hast thou fled?  
They tell me thou art here no more, that thou  
art dead:  
That shall not be till God afar the sun and stars hath  
whirled,  
And saith, So sets the last wild dawn of any world.



## THE LOST STAR

**A** STAR was loosed from heaven ;  
All saw it fall, in wonder,  
Where universe clashed universe  
With solar thunder.

The angels praised God's glory,  
To send this beacon-flare  
To show the terror of darkness  
Beneath the Golden Stair.

But God was brooding only  
Upon new births of light ;  
The star was a drop of water  
On the lips of Eternal Light.

## THE HOLLOW LAND

**T**HROUGH the Hollow Land I wandered  
On the silent wings of Sleep :  
And the darkness was about me  
As the furtive things that creep  
From the shadow of the forest  
Round the Shadow still more deep.

On a dark wing I was lifted  
And was borne beyond the Gate,  
Past the Portals of two Shadows  
Which are the self-same Fate,—  
Sleep, clad in dusk, and dreaming,  
Death, clad in night, her Mate.

And so thence across the valley  
Where unborn things agleam  
Shine wanly athwart the gloaming  
Beside each undreamed dream,  
Till the Hollow Land was entered  
By a silent stream.

The River of Oblivion  
It was that wended there,  
Till lost in the immensity  
Of that unwinnowed air :  
Yet onward, and as for ever,  
My soul was borne there.

O soul, that thing which was uttered,  
O soul, that thing which thou saw,

What memory hast thou of either  
Though thrilling still with the awe —  
Not more than of harvest lingers  
In wind-whirled straw !

Yet, soul, in the shadowy silence  
That clothes thee round about,  
Thou knowest thou viewed vast armies  
In fierce bewildered rout,  
And, 'mid the seething clamour,  
Heard, as a blast, thy shout !

O soul, wast thou a victor  
Or led'st thou a failing host :  
Or were thy banners flying  
Along a dismal coast :  
Wert thou crown'd with life, O spirit,  
Or crown'd with death, poor ghost ?



## FOAM OF THE PAST



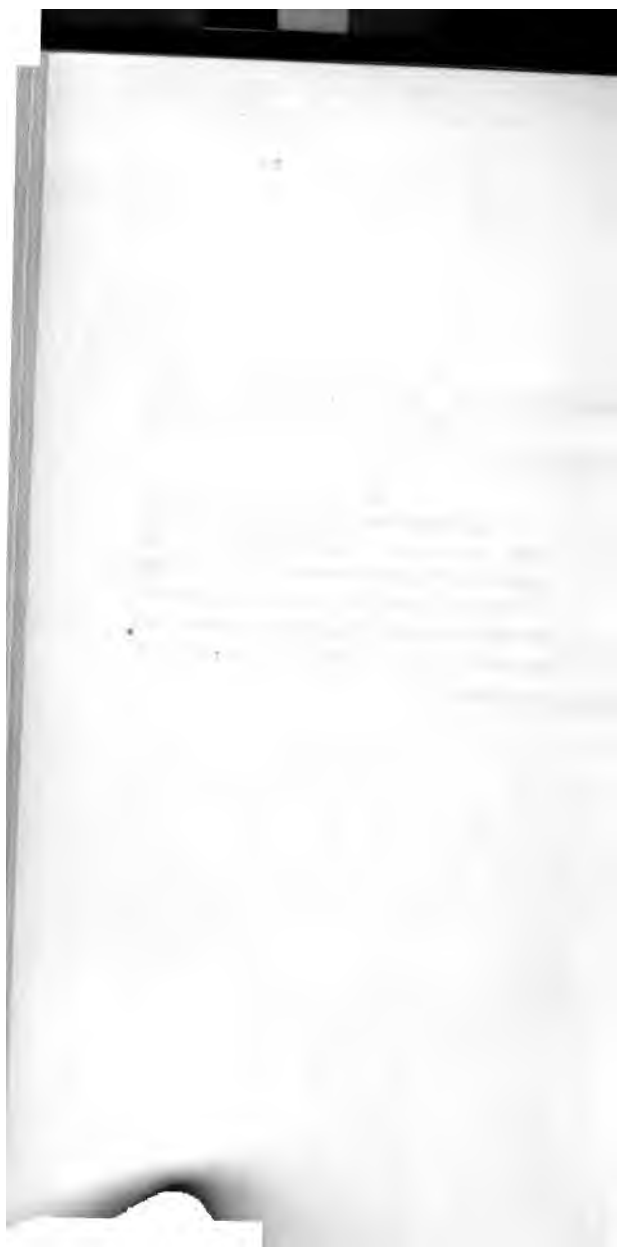
*May we not talk of Passion and of Death, and how  
they oft walk hand in hand together.*

R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

*And if I tread the long, continuous way  
Within a narrow round, not thinking it long,  
And fare a single hour thinking it many days,  
I am not first or last of the Immortal Clan  
For whom the long ways of the world are brief.  
And the short ways heavy with unimagined time.*

THE IMMORTAL HOUR.

I



## DEIRDRE IS DEAD

*Deirdre the beautiful is dead . . . . is dead!*

THE HOUSE OF USNA.

**T**HE *grey wind weeps, the grey wind weeps, the grey  
wind weeps:*

*Dust on her breast, dust on her eyes, the grey wind weeps!*

Cold, cold it is under the brown sod, and cold under  
the grey grass;

Here only the wet wind and the flittermice and the  
plovers pass:

I wonder if the wailing birds, and the soft hair-covered  
things

Of the air, and the grey wind hear what sighing song  
she sings

Down in the quiet hollow where the coiled twilights of  
hair

Are gathered into the darkness that broods on her  
bosom bare?

It is said that the dead sing, though we have no ears  
to hear,

And that whoso lists is lickt up of the Shadow too,  
because of fear —

But this would give me no fear, that I heard a sighing  
song from her lips:

No, but as the green heart of an upthrust towering  
billow slips



Down into the green hollow of the ingathering wave,  
So would I slip, and sink, and drown, in her grassy  
grave.

For is not my desire there, hidden away under the  
cloudy night  
Of her long hair that was my valley of whispers and  
delight —

And in her two white hands, like still swans on a  
frozen lake,  
Hath she not my heart that I have hidden there for  
dear love's sake?

Alas, there is no sighing song, no breath in the silence  
there :  
Not even the white moth that loves death flits through  
her hair

As the bird of Brigid, made of foam and the pale  
moonwhite wine  
Of dreams, flits under the sombre windless plumes of  
the pine.

I hear a voice crying, crying, crying: is it the wind  
I hear, crying its old weary cry time out of mind?

*The grey wind weeps, the grey wind weeps, the grey wind  
weeps :  
Dust on her breast, dust on her eyes, the grey wind  
weeps !*

## THE LOVE-SONG OF DROSTAN


FROM "DROSTAN AND YSEUL:"  
AN UNFINISHED DRAMA

DROSTAN: *You have drunken of the cup of wisdom.  
Let me also drink.*

*[Suddenly snatches a small clarsach from the woman's hand and  
to its wild and rude music chants—]*

I N the days of the Great Fires when the hills were  
    afame,  
Aed the Shining God lay by a foamwhite mountain,  
The white thigh of moon-crown'd Dana, Beautiful  
    Mother.  
And the wind fretted the blue with the tossed curling  
    clouds  
Of her tangled hair, and like two flaming stars were  
    her eyes  
Torches of sunfire and moonfire : and her vast breasts  
Heaved as the sea heaves in the white calms, and the  
    wind of her sighs  
Were as the winds of sunrise soaring the peaks of the  
    eagles—  
Dana, Mother of the Gods, moon-crown'd, sea-shod,  
    wonderful !

" Fire of my love " she cried, . . . Aed of the Sunlight  
    and Shadow  
Laughed: and he rose till he grew more vast than  
    Dana :



The sun was his trampling foot, and he wore the moon  
as a feather:

And he lay by Dana: and the world swayed, and the  
stars swung.


Thus was Oengus born, Lord of Love, Son of Wisdom  
and Death.

*Hear us, Oengus, Beautiful, Terrible, Sun-Lord and  
Death-Lord!*

*Give us the white flame of love born of Aed and  
Dana—*

*Hearken, thou Pulse of hearts, and let the white dove  
from your lips*

*Cover with passionate wings the silence between us,  
Where a white fawn leaps and only Yseult and I behold  
it.*



## THE DESIRE AND THE LAMENTATION OF COEL

*(The noise of harps and tympani. From the wood comes the loud chanting voice of COEL:)*

O, 'TIS a good house, and a palace fair, the Dûn of  
Macha,  
And happy with a great household is Macha there:  
Druids she has, and bards, minstrels, harpers, knights;  
Hosts of servants she has, and wonders beautiful  
and rare,  
But nought so wonderful and sweet as her face,  
queenly fair,  
O Macha of the Ruddy Hair!

*(CHORIC VOICES in a loud, swelling chant:)*

*O Macha of the Ruddy Hair!*

*(COEL chants:)*

The colour of her great Dûn is the shining whiteness  
of lime,  
And within it are floors strewn with green rushes and  
couches white  
Soft wondrous silks and blue gold-claspt mantles and  
furs  
Are there, and jewelled golden cups for revelry by  
night:  
Thy grianân of gold and glass is filled with sunshine-  
light,  
O Macha, queen by day, queen by night!

( CHORIC VOICES : )

*O Macha, queen by day, queen by night !*

Beyond the green portals, and the brown and red  
thatch of wings  
Striped orderly, the wings of innumerable stricken  
birds,  
A wide shining floor reaches from wall to wall, wond-  
rously carven  
Out of sheet of silver, whereon are graven swords  
Intricately ablaze : mistress of many hoards  
Art thou, Macha of few words !

( CHORIC VOICES : )

*O Macha of few words !*

Fair indeed is thy couch, but fairer still is thy throne,  
A chair it is, all of a blaze of wonderful yellow gold :  
There thou sittest, and watchest the women going to  
and fro,  
Each in garments fair and with long locks twisted  
fold in fold :  
With the joy that is in thy house men would not grow  
old,  
O Macha, proud, austere, cold !

( CHORIC VOICES : )

*O Macha, proud, austere, cold !*

Of a surety there is much joy to be had of thee and  
thine,  
There in the song-sweet sunlit bowers in that place ;

Wounded men might sink in sleep and be well content  
So to sleep, and to dream perchance, and know no  
other grace

Than to wake and look betimes on thy proud queenly  
face,

O Macha of the Proud Face!

( CHORIC VOICES : )

*O Macha of the Proud Face !*

And if there be any here who wish to know more of  
this wonder,

Go, you will find all as I have shown, as I have said :  
From beneath its portico, thatched with wings of birds  
blue and yellow

Reaches a green lawn, where a fount is fed  
From crystal and gems : of crystal and gold each bed  
In the house of Macha of the Ruddy Head !

( CHORIC VOICES : )

*In the house of Macha of the Ruddy Head !*

In that great house where Macha the queen has her  
pleasaunce

There is everything in the whole world that a man  
might desire.

God is my witness that if I say little it is for this,  
That I am grown faint with wonder, and can no more  
admire,

But say this only, that I live and die in the fire  
Of thine eyes, O Macha, my desire,  
With thine eyes of fire !

( CHORIC VOICES, in a loud swelling chant : )

*But say this only, that we live and die in the fire  
Of thine eyes, O Macha, Dream, Desire,  
With thine eyes of fire !*

( CHORIC VOICES repeat their refrains, but fainter, and  
becoming more faint. Last vanishing sound of the  
harps and tympan.)

( THE VOICE OF CORL : )

And where now is Macha of the proud face and the  
ruddy hair  
Macha of few words, proud, austere, cold, with the  
eyes of fire ?  
Is she calling to the singers down there under the  
grass,  
Is she saying to the bard, sing : and to the minstrel,  
where is thy lyre ?  
Or is that her voice that I hear, lonelier and further  
and higher  
Than the wild wailing wind on the moor that echoes  
my desire,  
O Macha of the proud face  
And the eyes of fire !

## THE CHILDREN OF LIR

### THE SONG OF AEIFA

*From "The Swan-Children of Lir"*

**S**PEED hence, speed hence, O lone white swans,  
Across the wind-sprent foam ;  
The wave shall be your father now,  
And the wind alone shall kiss your brow,  
And the waste be your home.

Speed hence, speed hence, O lone white swans,  
Your age-long quest to make ;  
Three hundred years on Moyle's wild breast,  
Three hundred years on the wilder west,  
Three hundred on this lake.

Speed hence, speed hence, O lone white swans,  
And Lir shall call in vain ;  
For all his aching heart and tears,  
For all the weariness of his years,  
Ye shall not come again.

Speed hence, speed hence, O lone white swans,  
Till the ringing of Christ's bell ;  
Then at the last ye shall have rest,  
And Death shall take ye to his breast  
At the ringing of Christ's bell.



## THE WAR-SONG OF THE VIK

**L**ET loose the hounds of war,  
The whirling swords!  
Send them leaping afar,  
Red in their thirst for war;  
Odin laughs in his car  
At the screaming of the swords!

Far let the white-ones fly,  
The whirling swords!  
Afar off the ravens spy  
Death-shadowa cloud the sky.  
Let the wolves of the Gael die  
'Neath the screaming swords!

The Shining Ones yonder  
High in Valhalla  
Shout now, with thunder,  
Drive the Gaels under,  
Cleave them asunder —  
Swords of Valhalla!







## ST. CHRISTOPHER OF THE GAEL

**B**EHIND the wattle-woven house  
Nial the Mighty gently crept  
From out a screen of ashtree boughs  
To where a captive white-robe slept.

Lightly he moved, as though ashamed ;  
To right and left he glanced his fears.  
Nial the Mighty was he named  
Though but an untried youth in years —

But tall he was, as tall as he,  
White Dermid of the magic sword,  
Or Torcall of the Hebrid Sea  
Or great Cuhoolin of the Ford ;

Strong as the strongest, too, he was :  
As Balor of the Evil Eye ;  
As Fionn who kept the Ulster Pass  
From dawn till blood-flusht sunset sky.

Much had he pondered all that day  
The mystery of the men who died  
On crosses raised along the way,  
And perished singing side by side.

Modred the chief had sailed the Moyle,  
Had reached Iona's guardless-shore,  
Had seized the monks when at their toil  
And carried northward, bound, a score.



Some he had thrust into the deep,  
To see if magic fins would rise :  
Some from high rocks he forced to leap,  
To see wings fall from out the skies :

Some he had pinned upon tall spears,  
Some tossed on shields with brazen clang,  
To see if through their blood and tears  
Their god would hear the hymns they sang. ·

But when his oarsmen flung their oars,  
And laughed to see across the foam  
The glimmer of the highland shores  
And smoke-wreaths of the hidden home,

Modred was weary of his sport.  
All day he brooded as he strode  
Betwixt the reef-encircled port  
And the oak-grove of the Sacred Road.

At night he bade his warriors raise  
Seven crosses where the foam-swept strand  
Lay still and white beyond the blaze  
Of the hundred camp-fires of the land.

The women milked the late-come kye,  
The children raced in laughing glee ;  
Like sheep from out the fold of the sky  
Stars leapt and stared at earth and sea.

At times a wild and plaintive air  
Made delicate music far away :  
A hill-fox barked before its lair :  
The white owl hawked its shadowy prey.

But at the rising of the moon  
The druids came from grove and glen,  
And to the chanting of a rune  
Crucified St. Columba's men.

They died in silence side by side,  
But first they sang the evening hymn :  
By midnight all but one had died,  
At dawn he too was grey and grim.

One monk alone had Modred kept,  
A youth with hair of golden-red,  
Who never once had sighed or wept,  
Not once had bowed his proud young head.

Broken he lay, and bound with thongs.  
Thus had he seen his brothers toss  
Like crows transfix'd upon great prongs.  
Till death crept up each silent cross.

Night grew to dawn, to scarlet morn ;  
Day waned to firelit, starlit night :  
But still with eyes of passionate scorn  
He dared the worst of Modred's might.

When from the wattle-woven house  
Nial the Mighty softly stepped,  
And peered beneath the ashtree boughs  
To where he thought the white-robe slept,

He heard the monk's words rise in prayer,  
He heard a hymn's ascending breath —  
*" Christ, Son of God, to Thee I fare  
This night upon the wings of death."*

Nial the Mighty crossed the space,  
He waited till the monk had ceased ;  
Then, leaning o'er the foam-white face,  
He stared upon the dauntless priest:

“ Speak low,” he said, “ and tell me this :  
Who is the king you hold so great ? —  
Your eyes are dauntless flames of bliss  
Though Modred taunts you with his hate : —

“ This god or king, is He more strong  
Than Modred is ? And does He sleep  
That thus your death-in-life is long,  
And bonds your aching body keep ? ”

The monk's eyes stared in Nial's eyes :  
“ Young giant with a child's white heart,  
I see a cross take shape and rise,  
And thou upon it nailed art ! ”

Nial looked back : no cross he saw  
Looming from out the dreadful night :  
Yet all his soul was filled with awe,  
A thundercloud with heart of light.

“ Tell me thy name,” he said, “ and why  
Thou waitest thus the druid knife,  
And care not if to live or die ?  
Monk, hast thou little care of life ? ”

“ Great care of that I have,” he said,  
And looked at Nial with eyes of fire :  
“ My life begins when I am dead,  
There only is my heart's desire.”



Nial the Mighty sighed. "Thy words  
Are as the idle froth of foam,  
Or clashing of triumphant swords  
When Modred brings the foray home.

"My name is Nial: Nial the Strong:  
A lad in years, but as you see  
More great than heroes of old song  
Or any lordly men that be.

"To Modred have I come from far,  
O'er many a hill and strath and stream,  
To be a mighty sword in war,  
And this because I dreamed a dream:


"My dream was that my strength so great  
Should serve the greatest king there is:  
Modred the Pict thus all men rate,  
And so I sought his far-off Liss.

"But if there be a greater yet,  
A king or god whom he doth fear,  
My service he shall no more get,  
My strength shall rust no longer here."

The monk's face gladdened. "Go, now, go:  
To Modred go: he sitteth dumb,  
And broods on what he fain would know:  
And say *O King, the Cross is come!*

"Then shall the king arise in wrath,  
And bid you go from out his sight,  
For if he meet you on his path  
He'll leave you stark and still and white.





" Thus shall he show, great king and all,  
He fears the glorious Cross of Christ,  
And dreads to hear slain voices call  
For vengeance on the sacrificed.

" But, Nial, come not here again :  
Long before dawn my soul shall be  
Beyond the reach of any pain  
That Modred dreams to prove on me.

" Go forth thyself at dawn, and say  
' This is Christ's holy natal morn,  
My king is He from forth this day  
When He to save mankind was born : '

" Go forth and seek a lonely place  
Where a great river fills the wild ;  
There bide, and let thy strength be grace,  
And wait the Coming of a Child.

" A wondrous thing shall then befall :  
And when thou seek'st if it be true,  
Green leaves along thy staff shall crawl,  
With flowers of every lovely hue."

The monk's face whitened, like sea-foam :  
Seaward he stared, and sighed " I go —  
Farewell — my Lord Christ calls me home ! "  
Nial stooped and saw death's final throe.

An hour before the dawn he rose  
And sought out Modred, brooding, dumb : .  
" O King," he said, " my bond I close,  
King Christ I seek : the Cross is come ! "

Swift as a stag's leap from a height  
King Modred drew his dreadful sword :  
Then as a snow-wraith, silent, white,  
He stared and passed without a word.

Before the flush of dawn was red  
A druid came to Nial the Great :  
" The doom of death hath Modred said,  
Yet fears this Christ's mysterious hate :

" So get you hence, you giant-thewed man :  
Go your own way : come not again :  
No more are you of Modred's clan :  
Go now, forthwith, lest you be slain."

Nial went forth with gladsome face ;  
No more of Modred's clan he was :  
" Now, now," he cried, " Christ's trail I'll trace,  
And nowhere turn, and nowhere pause."


He laughed to think how Modred feared  
The wrath of Christ, the monk's white king :  
" A greater than Modred hath appeared,  
To Him my sword and strength I bring."

All day, all night, he walked afar :  
He saw the moon rise white and still :  
The evening and the morning star :  
The sunrise burn upon the hill.

He heard the moaning of the seas,  
The vast sigh of the sunswept plain,  
The myriad surge of forest-trees ;  
Saw dusk and night return again.

,





At falling of the dusk he stood  
Upon a wild and desert land :  
Dark fruit he gathered for his food,  
Drank water from his hollowed hand,

Cut from an ash a mighty bough  
And trimmed and shaped it to the half :  
"Safe in the desert am I now,  
With sword," he said, "and with this staff."


The stars came out : Arcturus hung  
His ice-blue fire far down the sky :  
The Great Bear through the darkness swung :  
The Seven Watchers rose on high.

A great moon flooded all the west.  
Silence came out of earth and sea  
And lay upon the husht world's breast,  
And breathed mysteriously.

Three hours Nial walked, three hours and more  
Then halted when beyond the plain  
He stood upon the river's shore  
The divine monk had bid him gain.

A little house he saw : clay-wrought,  
Of wattle woven through and through :  
Then, all his weariness forgot,  
The joy of drowning-sleep he knew.

Three hours he slept, and then he heard  
A voice — and yet a voice so low  
It might have been a dreaming bird  
Safe-nested by the rushing flow.



Almost he slept once more: then, *Hush!*  
Once more he heard above the noise  
And tempest of the river's rush  
The thin faint words of a child's voice.

*Good Sir, awake from sleep and dream.  
Good Sir, come out and carry me  
Across this dark and raging stream  
Till safe on the other side I be.*

Great Nial shivered on his bed:  
"No human creature calls this night,  
It is a wild fetch of the dead,"  
He thought, and shrunk, and shook with fright.

Once more he heard that infant-cry:  
*Come out, Good Sir, or else I drowh—  
Come out, Good Sir, or else I die  
And you, too, lose a golden crown.*

"A golden crown"—so Nial thought—  
"No—no—not thus shall I be ta'en!  
Keep, ghost-of-the-night, your crown gold-wrought—  
Of sleep and peace I am full fain!"

Once more the windy dark was filled  
With lonely cry, with sobbing plaint:  
Nial's heart grew sore, its fear was stilled,  
King Christ, he knew, would scorn him faint.

"Up, up thou coward, thou sluggard, thou,"  
He cried, and sprang from off his bed—  
"No crown thou seekest for thy brow,  
But help for one in pain and dread!"

Out in the wide and lonely dark  
No fetch he saw, no shape, no child :  
Almost he turned again — but hark !  
A song rose o'er the waters wild :

*A king am I  
Tho' a little Child,  
Son of God am I,  
Meek and mild,  
Beautiful  
Because God hath said  
Let my cup be full  
Of wine and bread.*

*Come to me  
Shaken heart,  
Shaken heart !  
I will not flee.  
My heart  
Is thy heart  
O shaken heart !  
Stoop to my Cup,  
Sup,  
Drink of the wine :  
The wine and the bread,  
Saith God,  
Are mine —  
My Flesh and my Blood !*

*Throw thy sword in the flood :  
Come, shaken heart :*

*Fearful thou art !  
Have no more fear —  
Lo, I am here,  
The little One,  
The Son,  
Thy Lord and Thy King.*

*It is I who sing :  
Christ, your King . . .  
Be not afraid :  
Look, I am Light,  
A great star  
Seen from afar  
In the darkness of night :  
I am Light,  
Be not afraid . . .  
Wade, wade  
Into the deep flood !  
Think of the Bread,  
The Wine and the Bread  
That are my Flesh and Blood.  
Cross, cross the Flood,  
Sure is the goal . . .  
Be not afraid  
O Soul,  
Be not afraid !*

Nial's heart was filled with joy and pain :  
" This is my king, my king indeed :  
To think that drown'd in sleep I've lain  
When Christ the Child-God crieth in need ! "



Swift from his wattled hut he strode,  
Stumbling among the grass and bent,  
And, seeking where the river flowed,  
Far o'er the dark flood peered and leant :

Then suddenly beside him saw  
A little Child all clad in white :  
He bowed his head in love and awe,  
Then lifted high his burthen light.

High on his shoulders sat the Child,  
While with strong limbs he fared among  
The rushing waters black and wild  
And where the fiercest currents swung.

The waters rose more high, more high,  
Higher and higher every yard . . .  
Nial stumbled on with sob and sigh,  
Christ heard him panting sore and hard.

"O Child," Nial cried, "forbear, forbear !  
Hark you not how these waters whirled !  
The weight of all the earth I bear,  
The weary weight of all the world !"

*Christopher ! . . .* low above the noise,  
The rush, the darkness, Nial heard  
The far-off music of a Voice  
That said all things in saying one word —

*Christopher . . . this thy name shall be !  
Christ-bearer is thy name, even so  
Because of service done to me  
Heavy with weight of the world's woe."*



With breaking sobs, with panting breath  
Christopher grasped a bent-held dune,  
Then with flung staff and as in death  
Forward he fell in a heavy swoon.

All night he lay in silence there,  
But safe from reach of surging tide :  
White angels had him in their care,  
Christ healed and watched him side by side.

When all the silver wings of dawn  
Had waved above the rose-flusht east,  
Christopher woke . . . his dream was gone.  
The angelic songs had ceased.

Was it a dream in very deed,  
He wondered, broken, trembling, dazed ?  
His staff he lifted from the mead  
And as an upright sapling raised.

Lo, it was as the monk had said :  
If he would prove the vision true,  
His staff would blossom to its head  
With flowers of every lovely hue.

Christopher bowed : before his eyes  
Christ's love fulfilled the holy hour . . .  
A south-wind blew, green leaves did rise  
And the staff bloomed a myriad flower !

Christopher bowed in holy prayer,  
While Christ's love fell like healing dew :  
God's father-hand was on him there :  
The peace of perfect peace he knew.







## THE BIRD OF CHRIST

**H**OLY, Holy, Holy,  
Christ upon the Cross :  
My little nest was near,  
Hidden in the moss.

Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Christ was pale and wan :  
His eyes beheld me singing  
Bron, Bron, mo Bron<sup>1</sup> !

Holy, Holy, Holy,  
" Come near, O wee brown bird  
Christ spake, and lo, I lighted  
Upon the Living Word.

Holy, Holy, Holy,  
I heard the mocking scorn !  
But Holy, Holy, Holy,  
I sang against a thorn !

Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Ah, his brow was bloody :  
Holy, Holy, Holy,  
All my breast was ruddy.

---

<sup>1</sup> " O my Grief, my Grief ! "



Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Christ's-Bird shalt thou be:  
Thus said Mary Virgin  
There on Calvary.

Holy, Holy, Holy,  
A wee brown bird am I:  
But my breast is ruddy  
For I saw Christ die.

Holy, Holy, Holy,  
By this ruddy feather,  
Colum, call thy monks, and  
All the birds together.



## "THE CROSS OF THE DUMB"

### A CHRISTMAS ON IONA

ONE eve, when St. Columba strode  
In solemn mood along the shore,  
He met an angel on the road  
Who but a poor man's semblance bore.

He wondered much, the holy saint,  
What stranger sought the lonely isle,  
But seeing him weary and wan and faint  
St. Colum hailed him with a smile.

"Remote our lone Iona lies  
Here in the grey and windswept sea,  
And few are they whom my old eyes  
Behold as pilgrims bowing the knee . . . .

"But welcome . . welcome, . . stranger-guest,  
And come with me and you shall find  
A warm and deer-skinn'd cell for rest  
And at our board a welcome kind . . . .

"Yet tell me ere the dune we cross  
How came you to this lonely land?  
No currachs in the tideway toss  
And none is beached upon the strand?"

The weary pilgrim raised his head  
And looked and smiled and said, "From far,  
My wandering feet have here been led  
By the glory of a shining star . . . ."

St. Colum gravely bowed, and said,  
"Enough, my friend, I ask no more;  
Doubtless some silence-vow was laid  
Upon thee, ere thou sought'st this shore:

"Now, come: and doff this raiment sad  
And those rough sandals from thy feet:  
The holy brethren will be glad  
To haven thee in our retreat."

Together past the praying cells  
And past the wattle-woven dome  
Whence rang the tremulous vesper bells  
St. Colum brought the stranger home.

From thyme-sweet pastures grey with dews  
The milch-cows came with swinging tails:  
And whirling high the wailing mews  
Screamed o'er the brothers at their pails.

A single spire of smoke arose,  
And hung, a phantom, in the cold:  
Three younger monks set forth to close  
The ewes and lambs within the fold.

The purple twilight stole above  
The grey-green dunes, the furrowed leas:  
And Dusk, with breast as of a dove,  
Brooded: and everywhere was peace.

Within the low refectory sate  
The little clan of holy folk:  
Then, while the brothers mused and ate,  
The wayfarer arose and spoke . . . .

*"O Colum of Iona-Isle,  
And ye who dwell in God's quiet place,  
Before I crossed your narrow hyle  
I looked in Heaven upon Christ's face."*

Thereat St. Colum's startled glance  
Swept o'er the man so poorly clad,  
And all the brethren looked askance  
In fear the pilgrim-guest was mad.

*"And, Colum of God's Church i' the sea  
And all ye Brothers of the Rood,  
The Lord Christ gave a dream to me  
And bade me bring it ye as food."*

*"Lift to the wandering cloud your eyes  
And let them scan the wandering Deep . .  
Hark ye not there the wandering sighs  
Of brethren ye as outcasts keep?"*

Thereat the stranger bowed, and blessed  
Then, grave and silent, sought his cell:  
St. Colum mused upon his guest,  
Dumb wonder on the others fell.

At dead of night the Abbot came  
To where the tired wayfarer slept:  
"Tell me," he said, "thy holy name . .  
— No more, for on bowed knees he wept

Great awe and wonder fell on him;  
His mind was like a lonely wild  
When suddenly is heard a hymn  
Sung by a tender little child.



For now he knew their guest to be  
No man as he and his, but one  
Who in the Courts of Ecstasy  
Worships, flame-winged, the Eternal Son.

The poor bare cell was filled with light,  
That came from the swung moons the Seven  
Seraphim swing by day and night  
Adown the wide high walls of Heaven.

But on the fern-wove mattress lay  
No weary guest. St. Colum kneeled,  
And found no trace; but, ashen-grey,  
Far off he heard glad anthems pealed.


At sunrise when the matins-bell  
Made a cold silvery music fall  
Through silence of each lonely cell  
And over every fold and stall,

St. Colum called his monks to come  
And follow him to where his hands  
Would raise the Great Cross of the Dumb  
Upon the Holy Island's sands: . . .

"For I shall call from out the Deep  
And from the grey fields of the skies,  
The brethren we as outcasts keep,  
Our kindred of the dumb wild eyes . . .

"Behold, on this Christ's natal morn,  
God wills the widening of His laws,  
Another miracle to be born —  
*For lo, our guest an Angel was!*





"His dream the Lord Christ gave to him  
To bring to us as Christmas food,  
That Dream shall rise a holy hymn,  
And hang like a flower upon the Rood! . . ."

Thereat, while all with wonder stared  
St. Colum raised the Holy Tree:  
Then all with Christmas singing fared  
To where the last sands lipped the sea.

St. Colum raised his arms on high . . .  
*"O ye, all creatures of the wing,  
Come here from out the fields o' the sky,  
Come here and learn a wondrous thing!"*

At that the wild clans of the air  
Came sweeping in a mist of wings —  
Ospreys and fierce solanders there,  
Sea-swallows wheeling mazy rings,

The foam-white mew, the green-black scart,  
The famishing hawk, the wailing tern,  
All birds from the sand-building mart  
To lonely bittern and heron . . .

St. Colum raised beseeching hands  
And blessed the pastures of the sea:  
*"Come, all ye creatures, to the sands,  
Come and behold the Sacred Tree!"*

At that the cold clans of the wave  
With spray and surge and splash appeared:  
Up from each wrack-strewn lightless cave  
Dim day-struck eyes affrighted peered.

The pollacks came with rushing haste,  
The great sea-cod, the speckled bass ;  
Along the foaming tideway raced  
The herring-tribe like shimmering glass :

The mackerel and the dog-fish ran,  
The whiting, haddock, in their wake :  
The great sea-flounders upward span,  
The fierce-eyed conger and the hake :

The greatest and the least of these  
From hidden pools and tidal ways  
Surged in their myriads from the seas  
And stared at St. Columba's face.

" Hearken," he cried, with solemn voice —  
" Hearken ! ye people of the Deep,  
Ye people of the skies, Rejoice !  
No more your soulless terror keep !

" For lo, an Angel from the Lord  
Hath shown us that wherein we sin —  
But now we humbly do His Word  
And call you, Brothers, kith and kin . . .

" No more we claim the world as ours  
And everything that therein is —  
To-day, Christ's-Day, the infinite powers  
Decree a common share of bliss.

" I know not if the new-waked soul  
That stirs in every heart I see  
Has yet to reach the far-off goal  
Whose symbol is this Cross-shaped Tree . . .





" But, O dumb kindred of the skies,  
O kinsfolk of the pathless seas,  
All scorn and hate I exorcise,  
And wish you nought but Love and Pe

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus, on that Christmas-day of old  
St. Colum broke the ancient spell.  
A thousand years away have rolled,  
'Tis now . . . "a baseless miracle."

*O fellow-kinsmen of the Deep,  
O kindred of the wind and cloud,  
God's children too . . . bow He must we  
Who on that day was glad and proud!*





THE DIRGE OF THE FOUR CITIES



*There are four cities that no mortal eye has seen but that the soul knows : these are Gorias, that is in the east ; and Finias, that is in the south ; and Murias, that is in the west ; and Falias, that is in the north. And the symbol of Falias is the stone of death, which is crowned with pale fire. And the symbol of Gorias is the dividing sword. And the symbol of Finias is a spear. And the symbol of Murias is a hollow that is filled with water and fading light.*

THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE GREAT ENCHANTMENT.




## THE DIRGE OF THE FOUR CITIES


**F**INIAS and Falias,  
Where are they gone?  
Does the wave hide Murias —  
Does Gorias know the dawn?  
Does not the wind wail  
In the city of gems?  
Do not the prows sail  
Over fallen diadems  
And the spires of dim gold  
And the pale palaces  
Of Murias, whose tale was told  
Ere the world was old?

Do women cry *Alas!* . . .  
Beyond Finias?  
Does the eagle pass  
Seeing but her shadow on the grass  
Where once was Falias:  
And do her towers rise  
Silent and lifeless to the frozen skies?  
And do whispers and sighs  
Fill the twilights of Finias  
With love that has not grown cold  
Since the days of old?

Hark to the tolling of bells  
And the crying of wind?  
The old spells  
Time out of mind,



They are crying before me and behind !  
I know now no more of my pain,  
But am as the wandering rain  
Or as the wind's shadow on the grass  
Beyond Finias of the Dark Rose :  
Or, mid the pinnacles and still snows  
Of the Silence of Falias,  
I go : or am as the wave that idly flows  
Where the pale weed in songless thickets grows  
Over the towers and fallen palaces  
    Where the Sea-City was,  
    The City of Murias.



## FINIAS

**I**N the torch-lit city of Finias that flames on the brow  
of the South

The Spear that divideth the heart is held in a brazen  
mouth —

Arias the flamewhite keeps it, he whose laughter is  
heard

Where never a man has wandered, where never a god  
has stirred.

High kings have sought it, great queens have sought  
it, poets have dreamed —

And ever louder and louder the flamewhite laughter of  
Arias streamed.

For kingdoms shaken and queens forsaken and high  
hopes starved in their drouth,

These are the torches ablaze on the walls of Finias  
that lightens the South.

Forbear, O Arias, forbear, forbear — lift not the dread-  
ful Spear —

I had but dreamed of thee, Finias, Finias . . . now I  
am stricken . . . now I am here !

## FALIAS

**I**N the frost-grown city of Falias lit by the falling stars  
I have seen the ravens flying like banners of old  
wars —

I have seen the snowwhite ravens amid the ice-green  
spires

Seeking the long lost havens of all old lost desires.

O winged desire and broken, once nested in my heart,  
Canst thou, there, give a token, that, even now, thou  
art ?

From bitter war defeated thou too hadst flight afar,  
When all my joy was cheated ere set of Morning Star.

Call loud; O ancient Moirias, who dwellest in that  
place, -

Tell me if lost in Falias my old desire hath grace?  
If now a snowwhite raven it haunts the silent spires  
From the old impossible haven mid the old auroral  
fires ?

## GORIAS

**I**N Gorias are gems,  
And pale gold,  
Shining diadems  
Gathered of old  
From the long fragrant hair  
Of dead beautiful queens.

There the reaper gleams  
Vast opals of white air:  
The dawn leans  
Upon emerald there:  
Out of the dust of kings  
The sunrise lifts a cloud of shimmering wings.

In Gorias of the East  
My love was born.  
Erias dowered with a sword  
And the treasures of the Morn —  
But now all the red gems  
And the pale gold  
Are as the trampled diadems  
Of the queens of old  
In Gorias the pale-gold.

Have I once heard the least,  
But the least breath, again?  
No: my love is no more fain  
Of Gorias of the East.



Erias hath sheathed his sword  
Long, long ago.  
My heart is old. . .  
Though in Gorias are gems  
And pale gold.

## MURIAS

**I**N the sunken city of Murias  
A golden Image dwells:  
The sea-song of the trampling waves  
Is as muffled bells  
Where He dwells,  
In the city of Murias.

In the sunken city of Murias  
A golden Image gleams:  
The loud noise of the moving seas  
Is as woven beams  
Where He dreams,  
In the city of Murias.

In the sunken city of Murias,  
Deep, deep beneath the sea  
The Image sits and hears Time break  
The heart I gave to thee  
And thou to me,  
In the city of Murias.

In the city of Murias,  
Long, oh, so long ago,  
Our souls were wed when the world was young;  
Are we old now, that we know  
This silent woe  
In the city of Murias?



In the sunken city of Murias  
A graven Image dwells :  
The sound of our little sobbing prayer  
Is as muffled bells  
Where He dwells,  
In the city of Murias.

*"Wind comes from the spring star in the east; fire from the summer star in the south; water from the autumn star in the west; wisdom, silence and death from the star in the north."*

THE DIVINE ADVENTURE.

## THE VALLEY OF PALE BLUE FLOWERS

**I***n a hidden valley a pale blue flower grows.  
It is so pale that in the moonsbine it is dimmer than  
dim gold,  
And in the starsbine paler than the palest rose.*

*It is the flower of dream. Who holds it is never old.  
It is the flower of forgetfulness; and oblivion is youth:  
Breathing it, flame is not empty air, dust is not cold.*

*Lift it, and there is no memory of sorrow or any ruth;  
The grey monotone of the low sky is filled with light;  
The dim, terrible, impalpable lie wears the raiment of  
truth.*

*I lift it, now, for somewhat in the heart of the night  
Fills me with dread. It may be that, as a tiger in his lair,  
Memory, crouching, waits to spring into the light.*

*No, I will clasp it close to my heart, overdroop with my  
hair:  
I will breathe thy frail faint breath, O pale blue flower,  
And then . . . and then . . . nothing shall take me  
unaware!*

*Nothing: no thought: no fear: only the invisible power  
Of the vast deeps of night, wherein down a shadowy stair  
My soul slowly, slowly, slowly, will sink to its ultimate  
hour.*



## NOTE



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## NOTE

ONE old legend is retold in *Where the Forest Murmurs*, by Fiona Macleod, who had heard it years ago "on the lips of simple Gaelic folk:—"

"There were once four cities (the Western Gael will generally call them Gorias and Falias, Finias and Murias), the greatest and most beautiful of the cities of those ancient tribes of beauty, the offspring of angels and the daughters of earth. The fair women were beautiful, but lived like flowers, and like flowers faded and were no more, for they were filled with happiness, as cups of ivory filled with sunlit dancing wine, but were soulless. Eve, that sorrowful loveliness, was not yet born. Adam was not yet lifted out of the dust of Eden. Finias was the gate of Eden to the South, Murias to the West: in the North, Falias was crowned by a great star: in the East, Gorias, the city of gems, flashed like sunrise. There the deathless clan of the sky loved the children of Lilith. On the day when Adam uttered the sacred name and became king of the world, a great sighing was heard in Gorias in the East



and in Finias in the South, in Murias in the West, and in Falias in the North: and when morn was come the women were no more awakened by the stirring of wings and the sunrise-flight of their angelic lovers. They came no more. And when Eve awoke by the side of Adam, and he looked on her, and saw the immortal mystery in the eyes of this mortal loveliness, lamentations and farewells and voices of twilight were heard in Murias by the margin of the sea and in Gorias high-set among her peaks; in the secret gardens of Falias, and where the moonlight hung like a spear above the towers of Finias upon the great plain. The children of Lilith were gone away upon the wind, as lifted dust, as dew, as shadow, as the unreturning leaf. Adam rose, and bade Eve go to the four solitudes, and bring back the four ancient secrets of the world. So Eve went to Gorias, and found nothing there but a flame of fire. She lifted it and hid it in her heart. At noon she came to Finias, and found nothing there but a spear of white light. She took it and hid it in her mind. At dusk she came to Falias, and found nothing there but a star in the darkness. She hid the darkness, and the star within the darkness, in her womb. At moonrise she came to Murias, by the shores of the ocean. There she saw nothing but a



#### NOTE

wandering light. So she stooped, and lifted a wave of the sea and hid it in her blood. And when Eve was come again to Adam, she gave him the flame she had found in Gorias, and the spear of light she had found in Finias. 'In Falias,' she said, 'I found that which I cannot give, but the darkness I have hidden shall be your darkness, and the star shall be your star.' 'Tell me what you found in Murias by the sea?' asked Adam. 'Nothing,' answered Eve. But Adam knew that she lied. 'I saw a wandering light,' she said. He sighed, and believed. But Eve kept the wave of the sea hidden in her blood. So it has been that a multitude of women have been homeless as the wave, and their heritage salt as the sea: and that some among their sons and daughters have been possessed by that vain cold fire, and that inappeasable trouble, and the restlessness of water. So it is that to the end of time some shall have the salt sea in the blood, and the troubled wave in the heart, and be homeless."



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